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THE SOMERSET FARMER

BY MARGUERITE WILKINSON

I said,

It is good to live in the country,
To have a small cottage in a big green field,
A neat little garden inside of a gateway—
To see how much you can make it yield;
To have dusty chickens and a spotted calf
And a good, stout cow with a silky skin,
This, I suppose, is better by half
Than the winning of much men die to win?
The Somerset Farmer rubbed his head
And smiled at me. "Oh-ay," he said.

I said again,

It is good to be friendly,
To have a small door where neighbors knock,
To get up early and work while you listen
To a cuckoo singing as well as a clock;
And to lie down when the West is ruddy
With hardly a thought that is not kind,
With the earth to con and the sky to study
A man need never be dull of mind?
The Somerset Farmer nodded at me
And smiled again. "Oh-ay," said he.

I said,

It is good to have young things near you,
Children to play with, children to hold,
To hear their laughter, to have them hear you
Calling to them as you grow old;
To know that you have a part in the ages
Through all to-morrows, though silently,
Immortal as singers and saints and sages
While youth buds out on the ancient tree—
The Somerset man looked out at the sky.
Solemn and soft he said, "Oh-ay!"